THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

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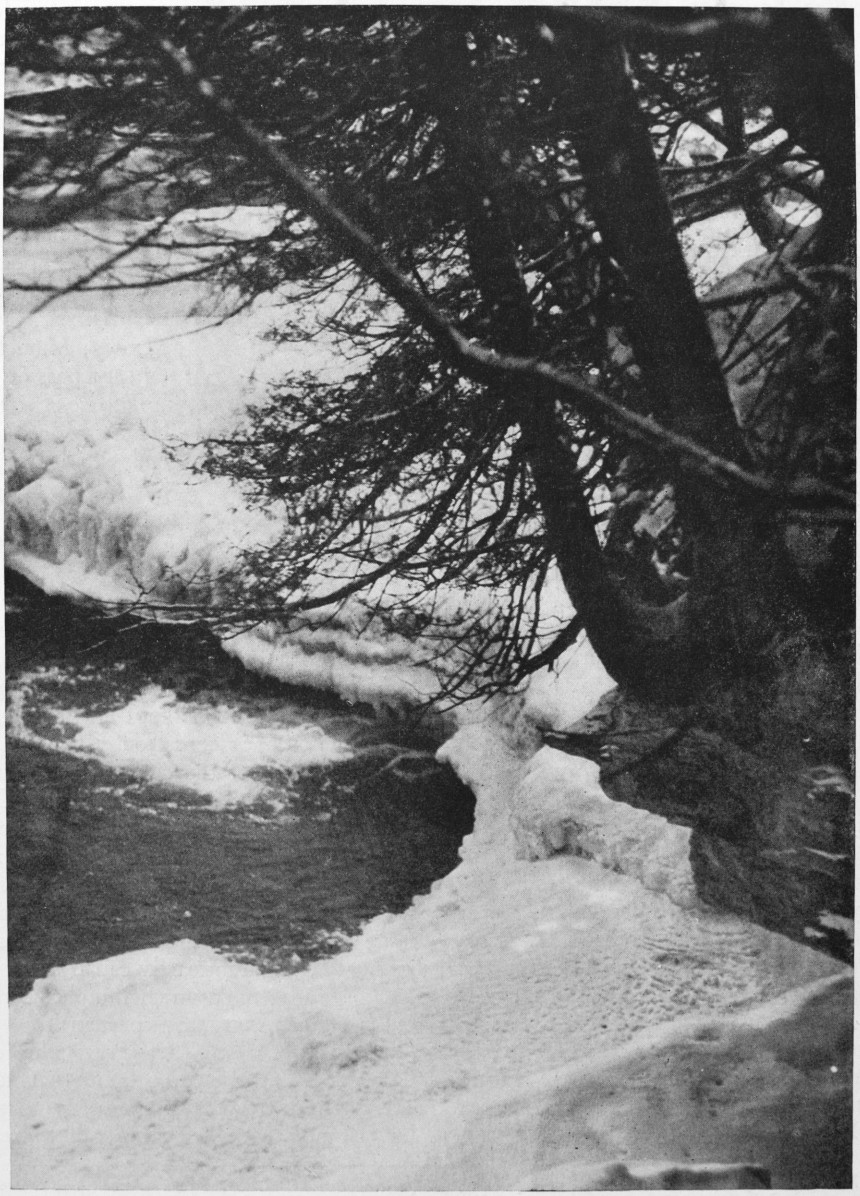

WINTER BOUND—OTTER CREEK

Christmas at Middlebury

By PRUDENCE FISH, *ex-'23, Assistant Professor of Music*

AMONG the Connecticut Blue Laws of the early quarter of last century one may find the rather broad regulation: "No one shall read Common Prayer, **keep Christmas,** or Saintdays, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jews harp."

It is doubtful whether the enforcement of these laws ever penetrated to otherwise Connecticut-loyal Middlebury, but during the first century of college history winter recess had little more holiday significance to homebound students than had the August vacation following Commencement. There were no collegiate Santa Clauses, little carol singing, or exchange of gifts.

In the last five or ten years, Christmas celebrations have come to mean more to undergraduates than at any period in the past. Hardly before Hallowe'en as a party motif is over, a dozen committees representing as many extra-curricular societies are planning some type of Christmas entertainment, party or pageant. A group interested in German is beginning to learn parts for a play in that language. Fraternity or sorority social chairmen are pondering over some original variation on the Christmas theme for the brothers or sisters. A chosen group of faculty members is planning for its Cosmos Club some ingenious way of getting the more reserved professors and their families "in on" a Yule party. But more than any other feature the Chimes begin late in November to remind all that Christmas is in the air.

It would be quite erroneous to infer that all of the Christmas festivities are divorced from the curriculum. The department of drama may find a Christmas drama for study or production. In all of the language courses, instructors may use the opportunity to familiarize students with a Christmas in Marseilles, Madrid, Munich, or Milan, and passing under the windows of any language class early in December, one is not surprised to hear "Silent Night, Holy Night" in some foreign tongue.

Practically every dormitory and fraternity house has its Christmas tree, and faculty-owned lighting effects and tree decorations are loaned and re-loaned. One tree last season had a history of five different society and private showings before it reached the front yard of a faculty member to be kept until March as part of the landscape decoration.

The climax of the celebrations comes with the last Sunday before vacation. Christmas Sunday has grown to mean more than the day when the sixth from the last proverbial paper doll has been torn from its place on almost any Freshman wall, indicating there are only a few more hours until the "special" leaves the station. One might easily call it a day of Carol singing, for from dawn until night nearly everyone has taken some small part in it.

Preparations are begun by the choir in October with the faint hope that too many extra rehearsals will not have to be added at the last moment, when there seem to be so many

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more important engagements to keep.

The German Club begins the day by gathering at Pearsons Hall at five-thirty and starting a tour of the Campus singing carols in German. They also serenade Faculty members and finish at President Moody's home where they are served breakfast. Only one who has taken part in such a serenade on a frosty morning in Middlebury can express the joy of this informal gathering around the blazing logs in the fireplaces, and smelling the steaming coffee at 3 South Street.

The Christmas Vesper service is growing to be something one looks forward to, and takes pleasure in reflecting upon. Each year new experiments are tried with the hope that everyone will be pleased with some part of the program. With the innovation of a Freshman choir this year the service seems to be more promising than before.

The Chapel takes on a new atmosphere with the lighted candles at every window augmented by the candelabras in the Chancel. "Silent Night, Holy Night" is heard from the chime room before the choir enters, each carrying a lighted candle and singing "O Come All Ye Faithful." From then until the last chord of the Hallelujah Chorus from The Messiah, the Chapel has been alive with Christmas melodies, some old and some new.

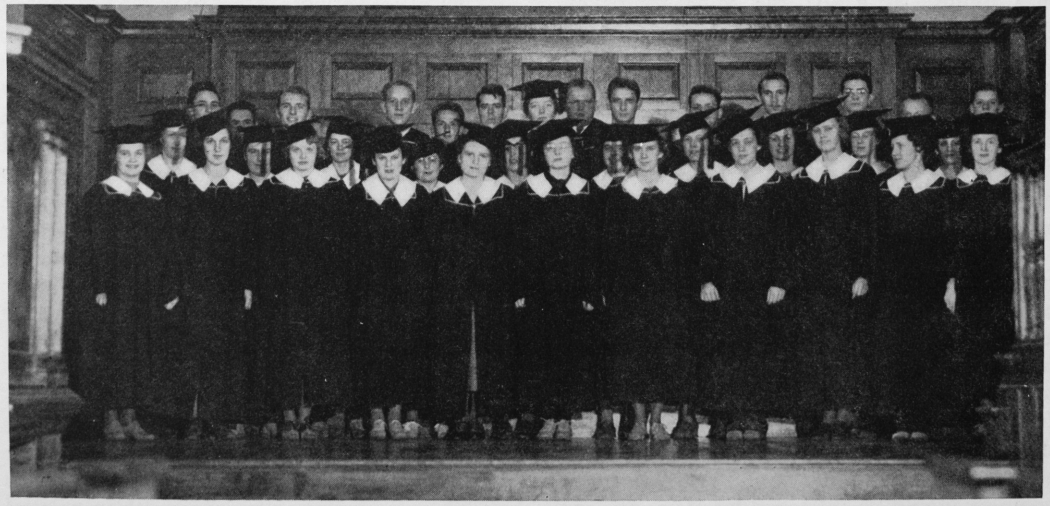
At the close of the service the student body, led by members of Mortar Board and Waubanakee, march down Chapel walk where they gather to sing around the Christmas tree, which is lighted for the first time.

In the evening, at the Playhouse, members of the German Club dramatize scenes from the Nativity in German. Less well known carols are heard there and we become eager to know them better.

To the French Club may be attributed the "sign off" part of the carol program. They serenade the Faculty with French carols at night while the air is "crisp and cold and even." Surely each one of us has felt richer for having had such a day of music.

The following days before the holidays are filled with parties, for each organization on campus has a Christmas tree. Some invite the poor children in the village to enjoy them, and see that they are presented with a gift of warm clothing, a toy and candy. Other organizations confine their gifts to their own members, where presents totally irrelevant to the wishes of the favored ones are exchanged. The women's dormitories are snowed under with "spit cards" (quite inelegantly called) exchanging Christmas greetings between friends.

In most of the fraternities Christmas preliminaries are treated with [*Continued on page 18*]



Early Rehearsals

Impressions and Musings of a World Transient

By HARRY M. FIFE, *Professor of Economics*

MANY foreign peoples have a real apprehension of traveling Americans who flit in and out of their country, and rush into print claiming to know all there is to know about that country, especially what is wrong according to approved home standards. To travel intelligently is, among other things, to temper one's nationalistic emotions, to broaden one's outlook and sympathies, and to make it possible to understand acquired knowledge and future study. But to travel blindly as many do is but to fan the passions of their already inflamed nationalistic ego. By their invidious contrasts they more frequently show their lack of knowledge of home conditions, as well as their lack of caution, and even good manners. The result is fear, prejudice, and perhaps hatred left behind, and taken home. So one impression I may here touch upon refers to fellow travelers. Their frequent blindness, lack of culture, and their egocentric nationalism are only exceeded by their almost complete lack of historical knowledge and perspective. Such people seem to travel merely to confirm their ignorant prejudices and nationalistic antipathies. Of such people it may be truly said they have infinitely more money than brains. E.g. At the Ming tombs our American Express Company guide told us that the pillars in the Sacrificial Hall were trees from America, after having told us that the Hall was completed in 1460. I could see only one face, that of a school girl, who apparently noted the impossibility. Either it did not register, or they had poker faces. One dowager in the group actually showed great pride.

But my real impressions began as we sailed from New York harbour, leaving behind the Statue of Liberty, bread lines of hungry men, and queues of men and women haunting the employment offices from dawn to closing time, footsore and weary from looking up (im)possible job contacts with the anguish of disappointment in their hearts, and growing bitterness in their souls. Our own people. Surely my superiority complex would be chastened for seeing the conditions in other lands. So I mused. Some of these may be my own students, or other students. What does it matter whose students they have been? Or what mother's son? There was seething bitterness in their souls. Or was there? Yes, if they were men. . . . they were raw material for revolution, class struggle, social hatreds. . . . What do they think of the Statue of Liberty? Freedom? Liberty? For what? To starve body and soul. . . . to shiver in the cold. . . . beg. . . . Liberty to look for jobs that do not exist. . . . Happiness to tramp endlessly into offices of business managers, as harrassed as themselves, to hear the never failing reply, "Sorry we have nothing in sight. . . . Take your name down. . . . Let you know. . . ." Is that what we mean when we recite, *Every man is born free and equal with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . .*? Well, the country may not owe them a living, but it does own them an opportunity. . . .

But soon we passed to the freedom of the open sea. . . . You are at liberty to enjoy your freedom, if head and stomach (or is it the sea?) will permit. Philosophizing gives place to maintaining equilibrium. . . . to holding what you have. . . .

Out of cold atmosphere into warm. . . . out of winter clothes into summer. . . . blue sky. . . . blue sea. . . . So this is Havana. . . . tropics. . . . tropical abundance. . . . You can't blame poverty on the niggardliness of Nature here. Here history meets your impressions. I think of all the wealth that has been taken from these Islands the past three hundred years. What has become of it? There is conspicuous poverty in every direction. It comes to meet you in all its horrible forms, clings to you, beseeches you. . . . Poverty-driven people soliciting "monnie" in return for anything from the most degrading forms of moral perversion to pinning a flower on your coat. . . . or selling. . . .

Let us take an auto ride around the place. . . . Visit Sloppy Joe's. . . . the gay spots. . . . Conspicuous spending on questionable diversions . . . . Conspicuous display of wealth in palatial places designed to cater to that vanity. . . .

Poverty will meet you on the street as soon as you get out. . . . And I muse. . . . What has become of all the wealth Cuba has given forth. . . . Why this poverty and its consort. . . . Vice? Surely here is a benign sky, a productive soil, and natural beauty. Why do people go in want amidst plenty? I sail again with an uncomfortable feeling of disorder, disappointment, ugliness, want, social failure. . . . amidst plenty. The abundant life? "The wealth around them makes them doubly poor. . . . "

But the beautiful green and blue waters of the Carribbean soon still the torrent of the soul, and philosophy gives place to Nature worship . . . . On we go. . . . steering for the Canal. We waken one morning. . . . there is Land. . . . The wonder itself. . . . The Atlantic end of the Canal. . . You can hardly wait. . . . That renowned feat of engineering. . . . product of man's brain and skill. . . . Science. . . . science of the Schools. . . . It is good to be a professor. . . . We are entering. . . . How proud to be an American . . . . Every American should see this, says an awed voice, as I get a friendly poke in the ribs . . . . Wonderful. . . . achievement. . . . I would sooner be the architect of this than own the wealth of Midas. . . . We are lifted up through the locks, ship and all. . . . into an artificial lake. . . . away above the Atlantic now. . . . proceed half speed. . . . Here is the great cut. . . . banks so high above the great ships sides. You can hardly see them. . . . must be dredged constantly. . . . banks press the bed of the canal upward. . . . Thrilling. . . . We are passing from Atlantic to Pacific. . . . descending into the Pacific. . . . We are farther east now than when we entered the canal. We have gone west but we are farther east. . . . A few hours to go through, whereas it took weeks through the most dangerous seas to go around a continent and the dangerous Horn. . . . Science. . . . ! Engineering. . . . ! Brains. . . . ! College training. . . . ! What a noble work. . . . Surely this dwarfs the pyramids I have not seen. . . . It was built for useful purposes while the pyramids were built to glorify the vanity of a single potentate. . . . Progress? Built to carry trade and commerce. . . . the good things of earth. . . . to and from the ends of the earth. To increase wealth, and happiness. . . . Has wealth increased happiness? Cheapening costs of transportation. Yet, the voters and government who built it have erected tariff barriers, called protection, to prevent the same commerce it was built to encourage from using it. . . . Why do men dig canals and tunnel mountains to aid commerce, and then erect legal barriers to prevent their use? Rational? Stupidity? Is the supreme test of the sanity of a people how they use the powers and potentialities they themselves create? Academic. . . . ! Practical. . . . ?

Professor and Mrs. Fife and Guide at Taj Mahal

But here we are in Balboa . . . . Balboa the beautiful. . . . The model city. Broad palm-lined streets, lawns, flowers. . . . Let us look for slums and shacks. There are none. None? The children . . . . how lovely they look . . . . Say, this city was built on swamps where once were bred venomous snakes, and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. They are gone. . . . A happy people in their place. . . . Science. . . ! Engineering. . . ! Who is the Landlord of this place? Uncle Sam. . . . Government owned? No private property? Terrible. Any complaints? Oh, no. . . No? And I think of the privately owned cities of the Homeland, slums, rents, children without playgrounds and breathing space, and wish that it was measurably like it. No proof here that government ownership is so bad as compared with private ownership. . . . Ah, but perhaps it is being supported by taxpayers at home. So we inquire. . . . Oh, no. The Canal Zone, even in these hard times, pays a profit to the American Taxpayer, and if the tariff barriers were removed so as fully to use the canal it would yield enormous profit. . . . But the employees must be inefficient, and unhappy, working for the [*Continued on page 19*]

"Gentlemen of the Opposition!"

PROFESSOR PERLEY C. PERKINS, *Director of Debating*

IN approaching the subject of debate one is aware that he is expected to assume something of the attitude of defense. Many people assume without pausing to weigh the matter that sports, social activities, and undergraduate offices are legitimate objectives for manly youth, but that debating,—well, one just doesn't go in for that sort of thing, you know. It is variously regarded as useless, dishonest, unmoral, effeminate, and certainly as involving too much work. Of all these ideas, I am quite sure that I meet most often with the last.

Now I am quite ready to grant the value of every other college activity, just as I am to grant the value of every course I do not teach. But I am sincerely convinced that there is no activity pursued outside the curriculum which holds greater potential value for the college student, both during his college days and after he goes out into the world. Surely there is none which can better further the purpose for which he comes to college, unless I am too naive in assuming that education is his aim.

Any idea that debating is a superficial activity probably exists only in the minds of those who have not seriously tried out for the teams. Those who have made the effort necessary to success have discovered several things. One is that if they would succeed as debaters at Middlebury they must not only become able to present ideas with clarity and force, but must absorb the ideas to present.

While the total time required if one would do good debating probably surpasses that required by any other single activity, there is no other which more closely correlates with their college work. History, economics, political science, philosophy, logic, composition, and public speaking courses gain importance to a student through his debating work, because their information and training must be heavily drawn upon in preparing his debates, and because any information for which we find immediate and vital use takes on a significance and interest totally lacking when such is not the case. Evidence is continually before me of the importance and value of debating to the student's course work, and of the latter to his debates. Year after year I observe that my best debaters show in class work a keenness, a perception of values, a knowledge of what is going on in the world as well as of what is in their textbooks, and a general maturity, which those who have not had debate training seldom are able to match. Debating and education are, as I see them, united in a happy wedlock which makes all effort worth while, and thoughtless criticisms easy to endure.

Of course debating has its faults; any human activity has. But most of the criticisms come, I believe, from mistaken points of view. Quite often, and rather amusingly, I hear it said that debating is wrong because students are asked to defend the wrong side of the question, or the side in which they do not believe. Now a debatable proposition is defined as one which cannot be proved absolutely true or false, but which is capable of approximate proof. It advocates a policy, or extends an opinion, in some matter of a controversial nature. I do not have to defend the importance of the point of view in human relationships, or to develop the theme that only a bigot is ready to brand as immorality one opposite from his own. My readers will perhaps agree without argument that it would not be an unmitigated blessing to have a college student of nineteen or twenty years settle his point of view on a controversial question for the rest of his life.

An incident from our debating experience will further illustrate the point. One year a certain small New England college sent its debating team to Middlebury. A good friend of mine was an alumnus of that college, and came to the debate. By the nature and accident of things his college defended the affirmative and Middlebury the negative of the question under debate,—which happened to be unemployment insurance, not exactly a question of dogma or faith. Everything was fine and he was very happy. But a week later he discovered that my team had, for another debate, defended

the affirmative of the same question. In some indignation he condemned our arguing for the side in which we did not believe! It had been all right for his alma mater to support that side. Apparently the matter was a geographic one. When New England students entered his alma mater, they found that the affirmative was the "right" side; those who, possibly from the next door, entered Middlebury, must eternally make the negative their own.

The fact is that I would not ask a debater to defend a point of view which he felt was against his convictions, nor would I ask a team to debate a question involving principles of morality or faith. Questions which range sentiment against practicability, such as the unqualified proposition that the world should disarm (over which there could be no two opinions), are likewise unacceptable. We are perfectly willing to discuss any concrete proposal for limiting armaments which meets conditions of actuality and is not hopelessly predicated upon shoulds and ifs. A debater cannot succeed in remaining either a simple idealist or a prejudice on feet, and therein lies half the value of debate.

It is often charged that sharp practices, trickery, and deceit are taught by debate. They *may* be taught. Football can teach beating the officials to the punch or the gouge, and baseball sliding into a bag in such a way as to cut down its guardian. At Middlebury none of these practices are taught. In debating careful analysis and planning both for the construction of an airtight case and for the purpose of forestalling whatever the opposition may argue form a basic principle; outthinking and outsmarting the opponent is an essential in any competition. But our debaters do not resort to unfair practices of any sort. Such tactics usually defeat themselves, and when we meet them we find that dignified restraint and sawing our wood usually brings us out ahead. As in any competition, college men respect an opponent who hits hard and cleanly, and that is what we try to do in debate.

Sometimes debating is criticized because it is carried on by so few men, and is usually dominated by one or two. To this I can answer with fervor that I would welcome all who have the qualifications necessary for success, even to the number sufficient for a battalion or corps! Actually the [*Continued on page 18*]

Preparing the Affirmative

O_2 for Traffic

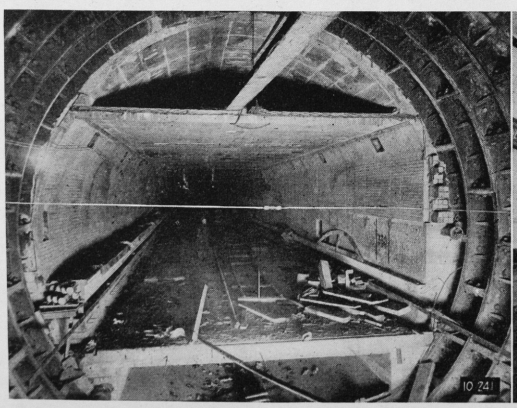
By CHAS. W. MURDOCK, '10, *Mechanical Engineer, Port of New York Authority*

ONE afternoon a few months ago passengers on the ferries between New York City and New Jersey observed a small tugboat chugging its way slowly up the Hudson River. Behind the tug was what to all appearances might have been a huge red box. Probably few of the passengers knew that they were viewing the real beginning of another large engineering project, for the red box was the lower part of a structural steel and concrete ventilation shaft fifty-two feet by forty-three feet and one hundred feet high which is being sunk at the bulkhead line at Thirty-ninth Street and through which will pass the "Midtown Hudson Tunnel." This tunnel, which is the second vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River and one of the traffic arteries included in the "Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs," is being constructed by The Port of New York Authority.

On another afternoon in December 1922, a similar sight was observed by perhaps the same passengers on these ferries. In that case it marked an important stage in the construction of the Holland Tunnel, the first subaqueous vehicular tunnel built since the automobile came into general use. Other vehicular tunnels had been built, notably the Blackwall and Rotherhithes Tunnels under the Thames River in London, England, and from the difficulties which they were experiencing as early as 1919 it was apparent that in planning the Holland Tunnel, with an estimated capacity of fifteen million vehicles annually, the provision of adequate ventilation was a serious problem. In fact it was recognized as the one factor which would determine the feasibility of tunnels for vehicular use. Therefore it was necessary that a satisfactory ventilation system be developed before the structural features were carried too far.

An exhaustive search was made for information on the amount and composition of the exhaust gases from automobiles, but it was found that only a small number of experiments had been made and the results of these were inconclusive and did not give the information necessary to serve as a basis for the planning of the ventilation of the tunnel. It was known that the principal gases contained in the exhaust from gasoline engines are carbon dioxide, oxygen, carbon monoxide, hydrogen, methane and nitrogen. The most important of these gases is carbon monoxide, a highly poisonous gas, injurious to health when absorbed into the blood even in small quantities.

A further search was made for information on the physiological effects of carbon monoxide when present in the air in various degrees of

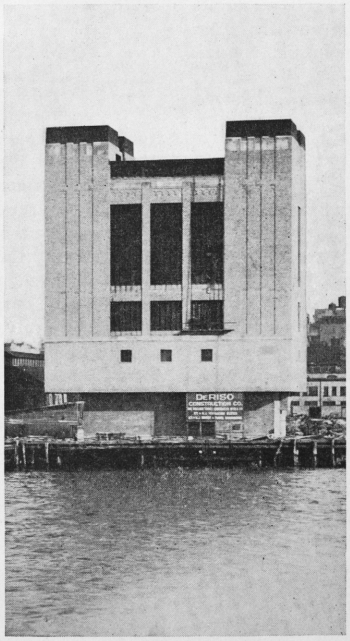


In the Making

In 1934

concentration. Practically all the previous investigations were in connection with the ventilation of railroad tunnels and mines, an essentially different problem.

Based on the estimated traffic capacity and on such information as was available on the amount and composition of exhaust gases and their physiological effects, it was apparent that a method of ventilation similar to that commonly used in the ventilation of railroad tunnels, that is, blowing fresh air through the tunnel from one portal to the other, was not adaptable to this tunnel. Such large quantities of air were required that the air velocities would be excessive, causing not only discomfort, but also creating a hazard in case of fires in the tunnel. Many modifications of such a plan were considered, but there were objections to all of them and it was concluded that the only practical method was to supply the fresh air through an independent duct, under the roadway, feeding the air into the roadway from this main duct at frequent intervals and to withdraw the vitiated air through a similar duct above the roadway. With this method the longitudinal flow of air in the tunnel roadway would be eliminated, the movement being a transverse one from the supply duct to the exhaust duct. In a circular tunnel these two ducts are formed by the roadway and ceiling slabs.



Ventilation Unit

Having decided tentatively on the method of ventilation it was decided to conduct our own investigations to obtain the information necessary for the design of an adequate but economical ventilating system. We must supply enough air to the tunnel to make it safe, but not too much as the power requirements vary as the cube of the quantity of air supplied and it was important to keep the cost of operation as low as possible. The problem was divided into three main subdivisions:

1. Amount and composition of the exhaust gases from automobiles.
2. The necessary dilution of these gases to make them harmless to persons exposed to them for several hours.
3. The power required to ventilate the tunnel.

To answer Question No. 1, a series of tests were outlined. These tests were conducted by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, under our supervision. Over one hundred cars of all types were run at various speeds, both loaded and light, and on various grades. No change in carburetor adjustment was made and the tank was filled with the same brand of gasoline that the owner customarily used. The gasoline consumption was measured and samples of the exhaust gas were chemically analyzed. From this the total volume of exhaust gas was obtained and the volume of each of its constituents. Having made estimates of the volume and character of traffic which was expected to use the tunnel, a simple calculation gave the amount of carbon monoxide which would be liberated in the tunnel.

The answer to Question No. 2 was obtained also through the cooperation of the Bureau of Mines. Dr. Yandell Henderson of Yale was engaged to conduct experiments to determine the effect of carbon monoxide when present in various percentages and for various periods of time. Our Chief Engineer, Clifford M. Holland, who died before the project was completed, was a Harvard graduate and one of his often repeated jokes was that Doctor Henderson experimented on Yale students and dogs. He at least gave the Yale students priority. However, that was the truth in a few words. Chambers were constructed and students who volunteered were placed in the chambers and breathed the air containing chemically prepared carbon monoxide. [*Continued on page 19*]

Subjects and Predicates

CLOSED DOORS

THERE isn't an education editor in New England who wouldn't give approximately the price of a seat in the New York Stock Exchange for a seat in the conference of the New England Association of Colleges. This year the presidents and deans met at Middlebury. As usual the sessions were as secret as an Australian balloting machine, while the administrators of Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, U. V. M., Bowdoin, Middlebury, Amherst, Trinity, Wesleyan, Tufts, B. U., and Clark discussed (in our conjecture) the relative merits of a 98%, 78%, 59.9% grading system and the pass-fail idea; Bennington; fraternities of the future; and the ins and outs of undergraduate finances.

That is all we dare venture. We cannot understand why it shouldn't all be above board.

DOORS AJAR

LESS exclusive is the American Alumni Council. The engineers of the New England District met also at Middlebury in October. We were invited in to hear the serious chatter on problems of alumni funds, alumni magazines, alumni office work, alumni-undergraduate relationships. High point of the conference was an outdoor corn roast on the campus of the Bread Loaf School. Someone had raised a special crop of Yellow Bantam for the gathering and must have kept it covered with old quilts and newspapers for two weeks to win out against the frost.

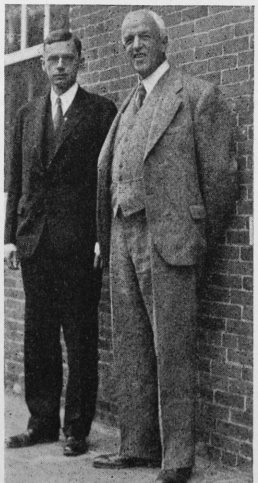
A few days later we attended another publicity conference at the University of New Hampshire and since there are a number of alumni secretaries who double on public relations work, wherever we appeared the major discussion subjects became Middlebury hospitality and Middlebury sweet corn.

RŌW AND RŎW

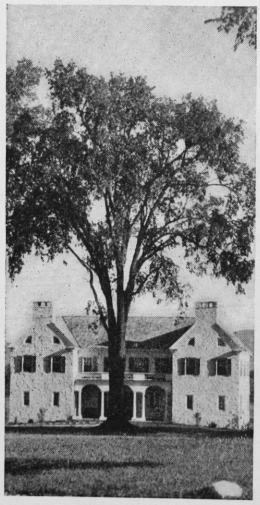
EVER since we had editorial trouble some time ago in unconsciously presenting a double meaning to "fraternity row" we have used with care our long and short o's.

House number four, Sigma Phi Epsilon, was added to Middlebury's row last September and its Colonial facade of painted stone makes a most distinguished addition.

But location in the row had little effect on members in the annual rushing row. K. D. R. still located at the other end of the prairie and the Alpha Sigs between the Register Co. and the Gulf station both signed fifteen, Beta Kappa at the northern end of South Main Street, took in fourteen and the newcomer in Fraternity lane the same number. The veterans of the row and the oldest fraternities on the campus trailed behind in numbers: Chi Psi eleven, D. U. ten, Dekes, five.



Prexy Conant, Prexy Moody at Confidential Conference



New Sigma Phi Epsilon House on Fraternity Row

MAN O' THE MOUNTAINS

FOUR years ago one Eiler U. Larsen, supporting an overgrowth of hair and whiskers, was encountered on the mountain campus by a group of Middlebury hikers. He was "doing" the Long and Appalachian trails from Canada to Georgia. Permission to take his picture was granted ordinarily upon payment of a fee of from fifty cents to ten dollars. In a beneficent mood he permitted the students to take four poses free. Next day he and they parted. The films were rushed to Gove's studio and during the next two week's Mr. Larsen, demonstratively waving a cudgel and saying pleasant things about Middlebury's mountain acres, appeared on the pages of some twenty eastern papers and was then forgotten.

A few days ago we blinked over a letter from Jacobs Creek, Tenn: "I just wants to tell that I am still on the A. Trail with 340 miles in Tenn. and N. C. and 99 mi. in Ga. ahead of me yet . . . Xmas should find me well and happy in Atlanta, Ga., if the great providence so ordain. 'Happy,' a fine, loyal, cheerful dog has been my constant companion, since I left Washington the second of May this year, and I expect to bring him with me to journeys end. . . . Supreme inspiration—Sublime joy go with this short note.

EILER U. LARSEN."

We felt relieved to hear about the dog.

Since the identity could not possibly be mistaken Christmas cards addressed to Atlanta should reach them.

Unhealthy Flying Country—Mountain Campus

EXTENSION COURSE

"TO the person receiving this letter: Do not come to visit prisoners on Sunday, Easter, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day or Christmas. *You Will Not Be Admitted.*"

—Thus ran the head for a letter received at the College from No. 17410 of one of our prominent western prisons.

The script: "Could you by any chance send me any old books ect. on short story writing. I am deeply interested in this subject but am not in a position financially to bring together that which I need in order to persue this study. But if you by any chance have any old worn, backless, discarded books on this topic; I certainly would appreciate them."

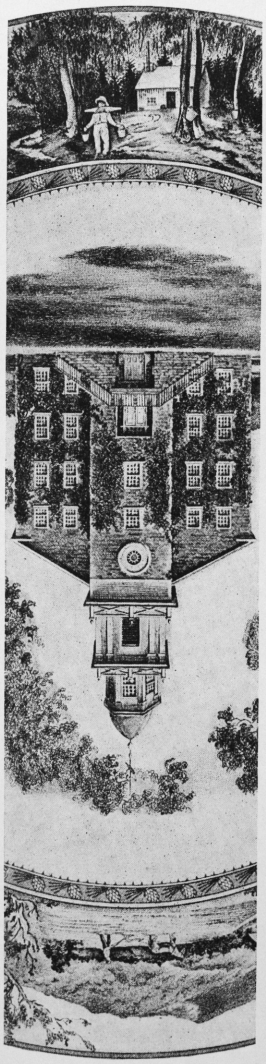
Books of the above description were duly contributed by Professor Owen.

From the acknowledgment (bearing the same letterhead): "And with a million thanks I say: they certainly will be of great help to me—and if I succeed any at all, I will have to laud the generosity of the Middlebury Institutions of higher english."

OVER MIDDLEBURY

FOR the first time in his extensive aerial career Cameraman D. K. Holland was very ill in his cock-pit last October. We were responsible. The air views taken by Fairchild, Inc., six years ago were already antiquated. The scaffolding was then still on the Chi Psi Lodge. The Sigma Phi Epsilon House was a dream. Adirondack View was a pasture. To be sure "Casey" Jones would have little difficulty in spotting Middlebury, but sticklers for detail were complaining, and besides we wanted variety, and environs. Mr. Holland, well known in New England newspaper circles, was engaged with the understanding that he would get the Mountain as well as the local campus. At the expense of his stomach he filled the order and we accordingly have some sixty new birds-eye photos.

The best panorama, with the Adirondacks as a backdrop, covers the new directory. Several newspapers in New England used an assortment, College bulletins published during the year will carry others. Alumni may secure four excellent views on Christmas cards (5c per print at the Editor's Office; or two are included in a box with eight other ground views on special college Christmas cards available from the same place at 50c per box plus postage).



Real Martyr

Mr. Holland picked the clearest fall day of the season for the mountain shots. One view presents Bread Loaf Inn backed by all the mountains from Bread Loaf to Jay Peak on the Canadian border. Another taken from above the Inn shows the College, town, Lake Champlain, and, with a glass, even the Bridge may be picked out.

The campus itself was taken from north, south, east, and west and was posing its best in every case. Even Mr. Holland was pleased with the results, but he can't forget the cross winds over our mountain lands.

MARTYR AND PLATES

WE veer from attempting to compete with the Christmas sales talk of gift shops and department stores, but when the demand for Middlebury plates began to exceed the supply we gathered together sufficient capital to reorder from England twenty sets. We are instructed that they will be ready for Christmas delivery. Again we suggest them as a relief for the gift problem.

It seems appropriate at this time to give honorable mention to the real martyr of the plates, Mr. Homer Noble of Ripton. To give an inclusive panorama of Vermontlore on the border, our sketches couldn't go to the plate engraver until we had a photograph of a man balancing sap buckets on one of the old shoulder carriers. We made fruitless enquiries, wracked our brains for a possible owner and finally remembered Mr. Noble, who lives on an otherwise-abandoned off-shoot of the Bread Loaf road. While the engravers waited, we drove frantically to his farm. At once he assured us that he would be glad to pose for a photo and had just the article. But a strategic search of woodshed, barns,

out-houses, and attic proved he was wrong. We had to retreat from our mission with no carrier and no photo. Two days later a reassuring invitation arrived from Ripton. He had the carrier. Again we armed ourselves with cameras and set out. To our amazement we found Mr. Noble standing in his yard triumphantly holding a masterpiece of wood carving on which he had spent much of the two intervening days. He had whittled it out with a jack knife from a spruce log.

Steam Shovel Competition

C. C.

CONTEMPORARY Civilization as a freshman required course passed from the curricular calendar with the opening of College in September. A nephew, "Man and His World," takes its place. But titles die hard. The class of 1938 did not spring to the fore with M. H. W. as a new nickname. "Man and His World" advances with the old C. C. alias, and to date it is the most popular course open to the yearlings.

To provide a scientific and sociological background and to offer an introductory survey preparatory to other college work is the new purpose. During one semester the New York Times is used as the text material for the study of current affairs. Each student clips and files matter on pertinent subjects. During the other half of the year a survey is made of the sciences "organized into a unity of principles rather than making brief studies of each science as such." Lectures introduce the subjects offered and are supplemented by moving pictures on the various sciences.

Emphasis is placed more upon the spirit of science than the details of its method, more upon its problems than its procedure, more upon its achievements and their significance to society than its mechanics.

One name seems to us as good as another. C. C. is still safe.

MORE FERA

THANKS to Mr. Roosevelt, Aunt Fera, as many American College campuses refer to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, again visited Middlebury with a fat purse this year. And with the experience of last year behind her, she invited even more students to her coin scramble.

This year 12% of the student body can at one time be employed. She has loosened up on her restriction clauses but decreed that work must be "beneficial to society." Accordingly, college and town *society* will benefit by greatly improved landscaping around the hospital. Critical visitors will also note this winter that the reaches of campus line fences are straighter and less broken. How universal a *society* the undergraduates will effect in their departmental research remains to be seen, but student economists, sociologists, geologists, and mathematicians are producing results that might prove worthy of an Associated Press dispatch later in the year.

Under the pecuniary impetus offered by Aunt Fera, who seems also to be interested in winter sports, work on grading for the ski jump is nearing completion, though the undergraduate chain gang was somewhat dwarfed in October when a steam shovel arrived, propped by funds of Battell Park. The winter carnival committee breathlessly awaits another beneficiary to take care of the ski tower.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS

THERE is only one authority on night life at Middlebury, Ed Lockwood, night guardsman. What he has kept to himself about the nocturnal habits of undergraduates, faculty, and campus foibles after one o'clock would undoubtedly put the Deans' offices in confusion.

For six years he has been going the rounds of the College some half dozen times a night, punching his clock in a dozen obscure parts of buildings (to passify insurance companies), climbing perhaps fifty flights of stairs, locking doors, closing windows, turning off radiators, incidently watching "morals" out of a corner of one eye, and en route doing a hundred odd jobs that in themselves would ordinarily employ a man.

"It's an awful dark place after ten o'clock," says Ed. "But in my six years I've only had two bad scares." One was in the heating plant late one night when he was checking up the water supply in the boilers to make sure that they wouldn't explode. An alarm clock went off behind him. "It took me ten minutes to find my hat," he calculates. The other was in one of the biology laboratories. In blackness he had ascended the stairs. He reached an arm through the door to the usual light switch, but in doing so his hand mysteriously became caught in something smooth and brittle. Suddenly he realized his hand was thrust through Sadie's ribs, and he was practically embracing her. Then still in the dark as he was readjusting himself to that shock, something at his feet emitted an uncanny croak. He got the lights on to discover that the frogs were loose.

And speaking of Warner Science Hall, "There is something spooky about that place. It isn't the wind, it isn't the radiators, it isn't Sadie, but night after night you can stop at the foot of the stairs on the first floor and there comes a groan above. You can go up a flight and it sounds again less definitely above; on the top floor it comes from the basement. I can't explain it; nobody can. I shook Sadie one night to make sure it wasn't her."

One of Ed's biggest achievements was settling the annual Hallowe'en party of the town boys on Porter Field. For years they had been upsetting the bleachers so that tractors and undergraduates had to spend half of All Saints day repairing the damage. Ed hid himself by

the stands back in 1929 and waited until he was blue with cold. The boys arrived, thirty-five of them. Ed realized it was a big moment. After some preliminary ritual one announced that it was time to "work up your muscle." Ed put his shotgun down on the benches, stepped out and introduced himself. "Now, fellows," he added, "I weigh 208, and it's all muscle. It's going to be a tough job for you to turn these over by yourselves. I'm ready to roll up my sleeves and help you." There was some relevant comment. Then Ed looked around and there were twenty boys. There was further irrelevant comment and then ten left. And shortly Ed was alone. The benches have never been upset since.

"Its tact," Ed claims, "that is a necessary quality for this job, but more important is legs. Legs and feet are what count.

"I never met one mean boy at the College in six years. I've never been spoken back to. I've never been poked and never poked anyone, and I haven't an enemy I know of. They're a good bunch of boys and a good bunch of girls."

There has never been a monotonous night in all of Ed's rule. Something different was bound to happen. He was always ready for fires and the only fire scare he ever had was when a flat iron, still connected, burned through the top of a desk and nearly through the floor directly above his head while he was reading the paper in his office.

His last act of heroism was stopping a cat fight in answer to a telephone call at 2:30 in the morning under Miss Young's window.

But Ed is through shutting off valves, closing windows, worrying about fires, killing campus skunks and stopping cat fights. His resignation went into effect last month.

SERENDIPITY

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

WE who live in the country are beginning to pull in our necks for the winter. We brood about coal, we lay in apples and potatoes, we draw in to the fire and seek to occupy ourselves more often at home. On such occasions "there is nothing like a good book." You do not need to have four to read a book, you do not have to think back over the newspapers to find something to talk about, you do not have to sew or write harmless necessary letters, though you can knit if you must. This evening-at-home racket works better, however, if you have first thought to provide yourself with an interesting book and there have been so many this autumn that you have no excuse to find yourself with nothing but Hugh Walpole's latest in the house. Unless you are a Buchmanite or a Basque or a beauty parlor specialist you will find *Going Abroad* ideal for this purpose. It is a witty novel (also satiric, caustic and ironic) written at the top of Miss Macaulay's best bent. As with all good satire, it is never over-done. Hero Buckley, a beautiful girl with few brains who turns Oxford Group and "faces up" to things and is guided to tell all at a large public meeting is, for the moment, my favourite female character in fiction.

Going Abroad, Rose Macaulay, Harper, $2.50.

Every Middlebury alumnus can bask in reflected (though somewhat diffused) glory. After all, it was Josephine Johnson not us (or should it be we?) who wrote the book; and she had written it before she came here. But she did write *Now In November* and she did come to Bread Loaf; she was a publishers' fellow at the Writers' Conference last summer. So, however tenuous and humble our claim on her we can still purr, for it is—alas for an overworked phrase—a very beautiful book. Publishers and Christopher Morley and William Lyon Phelps always say so much that it is difficult for anyone else to say anything at all without sounding like an advt. This book is something rare. It is the heartbreaking account of a year on a western farm. The year is one of drought. It is written in an extraordinary lyric style. It is a smart retort to those who say smugly, "Anyway the farmer always has enough food" or "The poor can at least be clean." It is a tragic book, and yet not wholly so, for it is not completely hopeless. It superbly demonstrates the march of the changing seasons. The feeling for the out-of-doors and for the land is rendered so well that one can feel the dusty baked earth under one's feet, the cold stone under one's hand, and see the "tin-gray" clouds overhead.

Now In November, Josephine Johnson, Simon and Schuster, $2.00.

Unless you want your mind improved, you could do worse than settle down with *One's Company*, the account of Peter Fleming's one-man adventure across Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railway, into Manchukuo, and south to the Chinese Communist front, with a punitive expedition against bandits near Mukden thrown in as an added attraction. It is a profoundly uninstructive book, and every sentence is a delight. In his ingratiating *Warning to the Reader*, the author disarms any possible criticism by professing to know hardly anything about these things, though he was in the country longer than many men feel is necessary in order to write more pompous books. It could not be used for a text-book; but what of it? Very likely the sanity and lucidity of this book, laced as it is with a naughty irony renders a more veracious picture of what the author encountered than one is apt to find in the ever-augmenting mass of books entitled *China: Whither?*, *Whence Japan?* or *Manchukuo: What Next?* Mr. Fleming has done this sort of thing before. Last winter his *Brazilian Adventure* appeared and should have brought him a considerable amount of fan mail. He is still up to all his old tricks, vehemently insisting in the presence of bandits or crocodiles or malaria that it is absurd to call such positions hazardous. Despite his desperate attempts to get his neck broken or his heart cut out, despite his eager pursuit at the bright beckoning of danger, he returns (up to now; touch wood) intact, for which we can thank a merciful Providence or perhaps, more especially St. Christopher. We can be grateful because Mr. Fleming has an unfailing gift for avoiding the banal. When he is trying to go to sleep does he count sheep as do lesser men? Indeed not. He counts weasels. Or he imagines that all the most boring of his acquaintances are gathered in his room discoursing on their favourite subjects. This last has been thoroughly

tested in our private laboratory and can be warmly recommended.

One's Company, Peter Fleming, Scribner, $2.75.

Thoroughly sick as all right thinking people must be by now of blurbs signed by famous names to the effect that "I could not put this book down," "Never have I been so sheerly excited by a book as by *Bare Ruined Choirs*," "I lost eight hours sleep over *Admit Impediments*," "While *Greasey Joan* held me gripped to the end,"—dicta which call attention less to the reviewer's judgment than to his lack of control—still and all *Escape from the Soviets* is a book which I should imagine would always be read through to the end. It gives one Pause; particularly people who have hoped wistfully that Russia is through the worst of her contortions and ready to produce the rabbit from the hat any day now. The author worked hard for the Soviet, she was as much in sympathy with the revolutionary movement as it is possible for a non-politically minded person to be. Certainly she never did the government anything but good. This, however, did not save her or her husband (whose record was equally blameless and who had also done valuable work) from being liquidated along with, apparently, the bulk of the intellectual class. A very brave woman, she arranged to escape with her husband and her little boy from the penal settlement where her husband was immured. The book is an intensely thrilling one. It gets you by the throat and gives you a good shaking-down. This sensation may not be universally popular.
Escape from the Soviets, Tatiana Thernavin, Dutton, $2.00.

If you recall what it was like to stand hot and petulant in your cap and gown on Commencement Day and wish your family would go away or had stayed home, at the same time feeling guilty for entertaining emotions of this unworthy sort towards people who had been so good to you; and if you want to be reminded of it and half a thousand other things (the high school foot-ball game on Thanksgiving afternoon, the necessity of helping your mother on Saturday mornings, the Young People's meeting, the boy who never looked at you in school and the lumpy one who did) then *The Folks* is exactly your tea. Although the first section reaches a higher level than the rest, the book as a whole is exceptional, simple and honest and altogether admirable. If you don't like it don't blame me; or at least don't tell me so. If you're of the night-club turn of mind, read Evelyn Waugh instead.

The Folks, Ruth Suckow, Farrar and Rinehart, $3.00.

"If you don't know what to give the family for dinner," the housekeeping columns blithely suggest, "just you try a head of lettuce." Such a dilemma arises often enough, and is not confined to meal planning. A rainy evening, a long train journey, waiting in the dentist's office, the presence in the home of a Grade A bore. . . . . Just you try a detective story.

Last spring, or sometime, we were whooping it up for Cora Jarrett who wrote *Night Over Fitch's Pond*. The author, justifiably annoyed that her novel was described here and there as a "mystery", has turned herself into Farraday Keene and written a mystery story to show how it should be done. "For" she says, oh so rightly, "it takes more than an enigmatic death to make a good detective novel." She has done a good job and *Pattern in Red and Black* may safely be recommended to those who like to have their detective fiction deal with people instead of dummies, and who prefer not to be able to figure out the solution by the time they've reached page 45. I will take anyone to any home game next season (the game to be of his/her own choosing) who can arrive at the denouement of this story before the author does, provided a proper affidavit can be produced to this effect.

Not only is the new *Dorothy L. Sayers Omnibus* a bargain (three detective stories for the price of one), it is good news. None of these tales has been published before in this country. They are earlier works, but not inferior ones. Don't think it. Miss Sayers started in several nautical miles beyond the point most of her colleagues ever attain. If you lend this book, it won't come back.
Pattern in Red and Black, Farraday Keene, Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
Dorothy L. Sayers Omnibus, Harcourt Brace, $2.00.

There is enough of the Peeping Tom in everyone to guarantee that *My 42 Years in the White House* will be widely relished. It is not a very noble book but a very entertaining one. It is also unnerving. Mr. Coolidge saw to it that he slept twelve hours a day and Mr. Wilson behaved like a perennial sophomore over the wooing of the second Mrs. Wilson. I doubt if we wait forty-two years for another such book unless Ike Hoover's successor is less alive to the possibilities of his position than was the late Chief Usher. I also doubt if in the future such a wealth of material will be so readily available!
My 42 Years in the White House, Irvin H. Hoover, Houghton Mifflin, $3.50.

FOUR SCORE AND TWENTY

Two winters ago, a parade of students led by the band serenaded the old Eddy house in Middlebury. Dr. Merritt H. Eddy, '60, had seen a full century. We regret that a similar parade cannot be scheduled to go through the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, on December 30th this year; Edward W. Wilcox, eight years out of college, and now the oldest alumnus, will reach his 100th mark.

His perfect health, high spirits, remarkably clear mind, and keen sense of humor all indicate that he will run over a number of years into his second century. The man who can just remember when the first telegraph line was strung between Washington and Baltimore, the day the United States declared war on Mexico, the gold rush, Henry Clay, John Brown's raid, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the sinking of the Maine and the Titanic, the history of business panics in 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907, expects to see the present depression through.

Three thousand alumni and alumnae through the News Letter send their best wishes, and on his birthday will be tuning in on a broadcast from Virginia in which he will participate.

TEAM, TEAM

"THIS year's games can't be won on last year's touchdowns." With this cryptic message Coach Ben Beck greeted his boys at the opening of football camp in September. Eight of them were regulars from last year's championship team, sixteen were letter-men, a squad of twenty-eight in all which increased to three full teams at the opening of college. Somebody must have taken the Mentor's words to heart, for we find the Panthers at the end of their season twenty-five points ahead of their last year's record. However, thirteen of the total one-hundred and twenty-five was the short end of the score in the St. Anselms game, and nineteen of them were in the same position after the Williams eleven finished heaving and receiving passes for long gains and touchdowns.

We can give the Middlebury co-captains most of the credit for the high total, Wally Boehm scoring on running plays so frequently that he is again close to the leading scorers in the East (see, New York Times!), and Dick Williams shooting accurate passes into the waiting arms of the Panther ends, Forbush, Evans, and Sweet. Joe Zawistoski zig-zagged his way up the field once for a forty-five yard run and a "touchie", and battered his way through the line for a couple. There was plenty of scoring power hidden beneath those blue and white helmets this year.

On several occasions it came out of hiding; for instance when it showed its teeth and growled the Coast Guard Academy into a 32-2 defeat, and bit the Oswego State Normal team forty-seven times. But, as you may have gathered from the preceding paragraph, several times it was bashful.

The Green Mountain Series, consisting this year of a beginning and an end, with no intermediate chapters, opened auspiciously with a 12-0 win over Norwich. St. Michaels no longer exists as far as football is concerned, but unlike bridge the game can still go on without a fourth.

On November tenth, the Mighty Midgets were introduced to one of the World's Wonders, an undefeated and unscored-upon football team sponsored by Tufts College. The Massachusetts team emerged from the battle still undefeated, their goal line still uncrossed, but scored upon, with Elwood Hoxie, Panther guard, responsible, his versatile toe having placed a thirty-seven yard field-goal between the Tufts uprights. Score 18-3.

Before the largest homecoming gathering in recent years, with alumni packing the grandstand and improvised bleachers, and lining the field at the sides and both ends, the Blue and White played Vermont to a scoreless tie. For six successive years the Panthers had treated their followers to wins over their traditional rivals, and graduates flocked from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, and every part of Vermont to see a possible seventh. The traditional Welcome-Alumni and anti-Vermont signs decorated the campus and fraternity houses. Informal teas, pep-meetings, fraternity and gym dances, and a mighty influx of U. V. M. fans, all contributed to the grandeur of the occasion. Eight regulars were playing their last game for Middlebury and spirit ran high. However, Vermont had a great defensive team, and against Middlebury's great offense it was the old story of the irresistible force meeting the immovable mass.

Coach Beck will lose eight of his first string by graduation this year, Co-captains Boehm and Williams; Joe Zawistoski; Shafiroff, center; Whitney, guard; Stafford, tackle; Evans and Sweet, ends.

ATTENTION: POSTMASTER

The News Letter is edited by W. Storrs Lee, '28. The Editorial Board is composed of Edgar J. Wiley, '13, and Frances H. C. Warner, '05, who prepare the alumni and alumnae notes; Mrs. Dorothy Purdy, '22, and D. Howard Moreau, '20. Mr. Wiley also has charge of the business interests.

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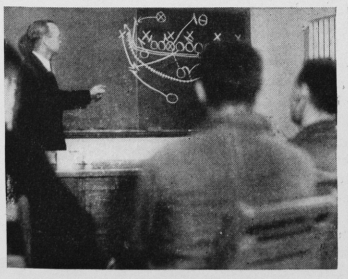


CHRISTMAS AT MIDDLEBURY

[*Continued from page 3*]

some lack of reverence. At ten-thirty the last night before the vacation their festivities commence. To be sure expensive presents are taboo, but everyone receives something characteristic of his failing. And at midnight the heap of gifts at the foot of the tree resembles a cross between the windows of a pawn shop, Woolworth's, and a country drug store.

As the train leaves the station the next noon there is a great deal of chatter about the holiday plans. Each one would tell you he was glad to be going home but should we seek out different ones a week later I'm sure they would all agree that through the coming years they will always cherish the memory of Christmas Sunday at Middlebury.

But College festivities this year will not end with the departture of the "special." The Spanish Club, characteristically carrying out another Spanish custom, will save its principal party until January sixth for in Spain few gifts are presented until the date on which the Wise Men presented theirs some nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago. The coeds will probably not risk putting their shoes (filled with straw for the camels) on balconies or window sills for wise men to fill, but each member of this society will add some Spanish trinket to their Christmas pile on Twelfth Night.

Every part of the globe has its own interpretation of the day when Christ was born. Middlebury has added another, a composite, but none-the-less sincere one.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE OPPOSITION!"

[*Continued from page 7*]

number of candidates who can make the grade seldom exceeds eight, the number who have been used in varsity debates during the past two years. It is of no service either to the college or to the individual to put a man on the platform whose showing can only be a matter for lament. Not all men can think and speak on their feet, no matter how much drilling they receive. And after all, is not all education selective; are not all real achievements limited to the few?

Let me turn to the positive side of the picture and set forth the aims and purposes of debating as I emphasize them to the men and women who come out for Middlebury teams. Always in their minds should be the realization that they are the representatives of their college, and that upon their friendliness, courtesy, sportsmanship and appreciation of the other fellow's virtues her fair name will rest. Theirs is a mission of good will.

If I ask a student to spend his time upon debating I wish to insure that his education is furthered thereby. To that end we try to debate only questions of national or international significance. In presenting his side of the question every debater is expected to prepare so thoroughly that our case will be logically and basically sound, and he is expected to deliver his speech with earnestness, sincerity, and total absence of all personalities, and to be able to withstand successfully all attack upon his points.

To achieve these aims, reading, thinking, and careful analysis are essential. Debaters should read such a newspaper as the *New York Times* daily, and do so with a keen eye for the possible relationships of daily events with questions which may come up for debate. My best debaters keep rather extensive files of clippings,—and it might surprise many older people to engage them in conversation about what is going on in the world day by day. There is one picture I shall not soon forget. It is of an open forum after a debate in a Massachusetts city, with one of my debaters answering for thirty minutes questions put to him by middle aged business and professional men on various aspects of war debt cancellation,—and answering them in a manner which left no doubt of his understanding of the whole question. Between his economics courses and his debating, that man left Middlebury with a pretty good comprehension of the world to which he went.

Today, perhaps as never before, debating deserves a place in college life. Without its discipline and example argument is so often prone to degenerate in contentiousness, or never to rise above it. There is a challenge in world affairs which youth cannot afford to evade, and a new hope. The penalty for sloth may be greater than ever before. Under this challenge debating has thrown off some of the dead weights which hampered it in former years, and today the questions being argued are almost always vital, broad, and timely in their implications, drawing upon and demanding a knowledge of conditions and happenings all over the globe. We who are directing the activity in Middlebury carry on with a faith materially strengthened by the manner in which our debaters are rising to the challenge.

I fully believe in decision debates. There is something in the American youth which wants competition to end thus. He will work more cheerfully, and put more effort into his preparation, when he knows that victory may be his reward. Middlebury is not ashamed to sing songs which glorify it. And in debate I have found that decisions are usually fair. We have won as many questionable decisions as we have lost, and have lost more decisions at home than away. There is no greater possibility of an arbitrary decision than in football, where I have seen victory rest on an official's decision as to whether a halfback stepped over the side-line on his way to the goal, or in baseball where a play so close it might be called either way may decide the day.

The standards we have set and the labor we have put into debating at Middlebury have achieved gratifying results. I speak only for the four years in which it has been under my direction, for that, obviously, is alone my concern. During this period our men's teams have won twenty-seven and lost eight decision debates, and our women's teams have won nineteen and lost fourteen. We have debated teams from Maine to Florida, including Bates, Maine, Colby, Boston University, Tufts, New York University, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, Lafayette, New Jersey College for Women, William and Mary, and Florida, as well as two British teams. Perhaps most gratifying to true Middlebury men is the fact that in these four years our arch rival, Vermont, has never succeeded in defeating either our men's or women's teams.

Fortune favors our men with an incentive of a material character, for a Middlebury debater has three sets of prizes for which he may strive, two offering first, second, and third prizes, and the third set, first and second prizes. One of these sets goes to the best three debaters from the six who compete in the annual Vermont-Middlebury debate. In the last two years our men have taken the first two prizes in this debate. And in both of these years our best two debaters have totalled about seventy-five and forty-five dollars respectively in prizes.

Our prospects for the season of 1934-35 are particularly happy. Both of the teams which ended their seasons with victories over Vermont were composed of sophomores and freshmen. We lost but one woman by graduation, and no men. And there are at least seven men and five women ready to step into a varsity debate at any time, with twenty freshmen tryouts.

The activity is under the control of two faculty Councils, one for women and one for the men, which have rendered unselfish service whenever called upon. Under their suggestion and advice debating will continue to go on smoothly, with the ultimate objectives always in view. For the coming season I hope for some improvements in our schedule, since the depression is passing and colleges may be able to place their debating on a more stable basis than in the past two years. Already Hawaii and Porto Rico have written that they would like to come to Middlebury. Undoubtedly our teams will measure up to those of the past.

The men's schedule follows:

Nov.	14	Oxford at Middlebury
Dec.	10	Union over W. G. Y., Schenectady
	11	Williams at Williamstown
	12	Tufts at Medford
	13	Boston University at Boston
	14	M. I. T. at Boston
Feb.	20	Vermont at Middlebury
	26	Columbia or N. Y. U. at New York
	27	Rutgers at New Brunswick
	28	Princeton at Trenton
Mar.	12	Hawaii University at Middlebury
	15	Massachusetts State at Middlebury
	22	N. Y. U. at Middlebury (pending)
Apr.	5	Michigan State at Middlebury (pending)
	10	Dartmouth at Hanover
	20	St. Lawrence at Canton, N. Y.

(Debates with Porto Rico University, Rollins College, and Drew University also pending, dates uncertain.)

O_2 FOR TRAFFIC

[*Continued from page 9*]

The chambers were so arranged that blood samples could be taken at desired intervals. Also any physical symptoms such as headache, dizziness, failing sight, etc., were noted. The same tests were repeated using the actual exhaust gas from a car instead of chemically prepared carbon monoxide. Dogs were given some of the same treatment mainly as a matter of interest. It was concluded from these tests that persons even though not in the best of health could safely breathe air containing four parts of carbon monoxide in ten thousand parts of air for a period of two hours without any injurious effects. That was adopted as our standard of purity for ventilating purposes. The two hour period was adopted for the reason that patrolmen are stationed in the tunnel.

The determination of the power required to force air through a duct, the air passing out of the duct in equal quantities at such frequent intervals along its length as to constitute practically a uniform decrease in the volume of air, was obtained from tests conducted at the University of Illinois. A duct three hundred feet long and one half the size of the tunnel duct was constructed. A large fan was connected to one end of the duct and gages installed for the measurement of air pressure and velocity. Other tests were run to determine the best type of turns and other changes in duct alignment or size.

After the three groups of investigations already described had been completed, the exact data necessary for the design of the ventilation system of the tunnel were at hand. Before proceeding with the construction of a project of this magnitude it was deemed advisable to demonstrate the novel system of ventilation on a large scale model of the tunnel. This investigation was carried out under an agreement with the Bureau of Mines and was conducted in the Bureau's experimental mine at Bruceton, Pa., part of which was reconstructed for this purpose providing a tunnel, oval in plan, with a roadway length of four hundred feet, located about twelve hundred feet in from the mountain side and entirely shut off from the outside atmosphere except through a drift connecting the tunnel to the ventilation plant located outside. Tests were made with as many as eight automobiles at a time operating as they would in the proposed tunnel. The results showed that the method of ventilation adopted was practical and satisfactory in every way.

The magnitude of this ventilation problem can be realized from the fact that eighty-four fans were installed. Of these, fifty-six are for maximum ventilation and twenty-eight are spares for use in case of breakdown. The fifty-six fans will handle 7,680,000 cubic feet of air per minute and require approximately 4,000 horsepower. A little slide rule manipulation will show that if a duct ten feet by ten feet were constructed between New York and Albany and all this air forced through the duct, air entering at Albany would reach New York ten minutes later.

Several vehicular tunnels have been constructed and put in operation since the development of the ventilation system of the Holland Tunnel. They are located at Oakland, Cal., Detroit, Mich., Pittsburgh, Pa., Boston, Mass., Antwerp, Belgium, and Liverpool, England. All of these, with the exception of the ones at Pittsburgh and Liverpool, have used the method of ventilation adopted for the Holland Tunnel. In both these exceptions, the tunnels are of such size that the enginners were satisfied the driveway could be utilized as an air duct without serious hazard. In the Pittsburgh tunnel the ventilation is of the regular longitudinal type. In the Liverpool tunnel the fresh air is distributed as in the Holland Tunnel, but the vitiated air passes along the driveway to shafts where it is removed by exhaust fans.

The Midtown Tunnel now under construction will have the same type of ventilation system as the Holland Tunnel. Further experimental work is being done to make it possible to regulate the amount of air supplied to the tunnel a little more closely to meet the demands of the varying volume of traffic. This will decrease the cost of operation. The equipment will be different in some details but only in line with improvements in design. The method of ventilation has proven satisfactory and the equipment has been adequate under the most severe operating conditions.

IMPRESSIONS AND MUSINGS OF A WORLD TRANSIENT

[*Continued from page 5*]

Government? But they will not confess it....So much for tariff walls, government ownership, and private property....

A little trip to Panama would not do us any harm. And I find that, though the Canal has enormously increased the value of property, still the private property interests, and politicians want the Canal. It is a political issue....a bone of contention.... But how scrupulously the American Government observes its contract....No private business in the Canal Zone....No "monkeying" with Panama politics....Let us go to old Panama City....Ruins....The old Fort and church destroyed by the Pirate Morgan....so relates our Spanish-descended guide with a trace of bitterness and regret. Historical ghosts arise. Pirates.... Spanish gold in the church under the altar. Whose gold was it? English pirates pirated Spanish Pirates. Why secrete pirated gold in a church? Pirates pirate pirates....Dog eat dog....Spanish Main....Gold....Plunder....Native Brown Men....Economic Imperialism.

Off to sea again where no official pirates sail now-a-days..... Soon we are in California....that much over-advertised land.... Give me my Vermont summer and Lake Dunmore....Green Mountains....and take your drab plains sizzling in the sun....

Land speculation, rising values....buy now....do not miss the opportunity of getting rich holding land, the gift of nature.. ..Some day, some father of children will want to build a home. Then you will be able to make him pay....unearned increment....

Oil wells....buy now....stocks-oil-stocks....a gusher is coming....We feel it coming....in our bones....Buy orange groves and treat the fruit with a deadly poison to make them look riper....Caveat emptor (let the buyer beware)....wealth, beauty, climate, soil, several crops per year, low cost of high living,....for whom? Long Beach....Rainbow pier.... Civic pride....Civic millions spent....Hundreds of unemployed men from all walks of life....Spit and Argue Club.... Discussing everything, but mostly religion, economics, socialism, and their own seething bitterness, and losses....Let's get closer with these dumb ears of ours....Say, that fellow is radical.... Curses the church, does he, for trying (unsuccessfully?) to make the masses forget the ills of earth in the joys of Heaven? He's socialist....worse....He talks well....Who is he? Engineer ....Yale....Retired?....Well, no, not quite....Unemployed. Family? Yes. College age....Can't send them....Ever be able to come back? Oh, don't know....past middle age, you see....Look out there....What fool is driving that car? That's the Police Car....Into the crowd full tilt, hey? Angry police orders to disperse....more angry and sullen mutterings as the crowd disperses....anger born of insult....It is an outrage on peaceful men....crowd re-forms later in another place....Discussion of the incident....Free speech? Free men? Freedom of the press. Democracy? Are we dreaming? Hitler? Stalin? Fascism? Well, you can be thankful they did not wield the club, or worse ....Some day....And we muse. Middle-class unemployment ....Engineers....Potential builders....College graduates.... a broke bank president, a business man, once Chamber of Commerce....radical, revolutionary....Why? Liberty, freedom, and the police car....Want and deprivation amid plenty under a smiling sky, on an abundant earth....This is disturbing.... What vast wealth, what possibilities for an abundant life, and a happy people. What is wrong? We are in a plastic mood.... Along comes the Socialist....Upton Sinclair with his EPIC plan. EPIC? End poverty in California....Well, there is poverty....pea pickers....fruit pickers....C. W. A. There seems to be abundant means to end the poverty....It is a laudable idea, surely....Why not join the crusade? No time now.... off to sea again....Longshoreman's strike....strife....want.... plenty....America....Land of the free....Home of the brave.

Beautiful Hawaii awakens and calls us from our lethargy.... Ah, how beautiful....Surely we shall find plenty, health, and contentment here....No strife here? This is America....But whence the Brown men? Brown men? These are the White Man's burden....These are the conquered....we the conquerors.

They, the ruled; we, the rulers. The two have always loved each other, even as Scotchmen have loved Englishmen. . . . Self determination of peoples. . . . White men and Brown men will fuse their blood. . . . Well, not legally and according to social customs, perhaps, but somewhat on the side. . . . Free and equal? Democracy? Here is not contentment. . . . nor Divine discontent. . . . Poverty amidst plenty under a smiling sky. . . . This paradox is getting to be like a Dickens repetition. . . . Push on. . . . More seasickness, suicides at sea. . . . Homo Sapiens. . . . Fellow tourists. Keeping up with the Joneses! Strutting! Empty heads! Thirsts! Drinking to drown the necessity of thinking, and acting! Let's go to the Orient.

(Editor's Apology. Limitations of space and time necessitate publishing the second part of this article in the next issue.)

ALUMNI DINNERS IN PROSPECT

The New York Alumni Association (men), which, for several generations, has held its annual dinner on the last Friday in January, is due to dine this year on January 25th.

The Boston Association is planning a dinner in January or February. Notices containing complete information will be sent out well in advance of the meeting.

The annual dinner in Washington, D. C., is scheduled for February 20th.

The series of dinners from Western New York to the middle west, which, owing to depression conditions, has been omitted since 1931, will be resumed this year with the following dates tentatively arranged: Rochester, March 13; Buffalo, March 14; Cleveland, March 15; and Chicago, March 16.

Alumni and Alumnae of Connecticut are planning their usual dinner, with the date to be determined soon.

The Alumni Office will be glad to cooperate with any regional group which desires to hold a dinner or get-together of any sort.

WORCESTER ALUMNAE CLUB

At a meeting of the Worcester Alumnae Club held on October 25th, the following officers were elected: MARION G. CRUIKSHANK, '30, president; MRS. PERCY T. WHITNEY (PAULINE M. CROSS), '27, vice-president; MARIE O. COMTOIS, '30, secretary; EUNICE W. SMITH, '11, treasurer; DORIS ASHWORTH, '22, auditor. Former presidents, GRACE M. ELLIS, '12, MARY E. GUERIN, '14, PAULINE A. SMITH, '06, MARION J. JANES, '24, and MISS ASHWORTH compose the executive board.

The Club's Scholarship Committee for this coming year is: DORIS ASHWORTH, '22, MARION CRUIKSHANK, '30, and GUNHILD ELFSTROM, '27. The Club plans to begin very soon its series of small bridge parties to build up the scholarship fund.

A tea for the Middlebury undergraduates home from College will be given during the Christmas holidays.

SCHENECTADY DINNER

Fifty Middlebury alumni and alumnae of the Capital District of New York State dined together Thursday evening, October 25th, at Regnier's in Schenectady. DR. AND MRS. MOODY and MR. AND MRS. WILEY were guests from the College. Middlebury movies were shown. The singing of College songs was a feature of the occasion, with MRS. WILEY, '12, at the piano and RICHARD A. FEAR, '31, leading the singing. PHILIP E. BREWER, '31, had charge of arrangements in the absence of W. RAYMOND WELLS, '30, president of the Capital District Club, who has been transferred by the General Electric Company to New York City. DR. ELBERT C. COLE, '15 presided in place of Mr. Wells. Dr. Cole was elected to the presidency of the club, with EDITH H. TALLMADGE, '21, vice president and PHILIP E. BREWER, '31, secretary and treasurer.

ELECTED IN NOVEMBER

ROBERT MCCUEN, ex-'02, was elected on November 6th as Representative from the City of Vergennes to the Vermont House of Representatives. Mr. McCuen has announced his candidacy for the speakership.

MRS. SUSIE HAPGOOD MILLINGTON, ex-'99, was elected as Representative from the town of Peru.

EARL HORSFORD, '17, of Charlotte, Vermont, won the election on the Democratic ticket as State Senator from Chittenden County.

JOHN T. CONLEY, '27, of Middlebury was re-elected States Attorney of Addison County.

SCHEDULES

BASKETBALL

Dec.	7	McGill University	at Middlebury
	14	New York State Teachers	at Albany
	15	Union	at Schenectady
Jan.	12	Northeastern	at Boston
Feb.	2	Norwich	at Northfield
	5	St. Michael's	at Winooski
	8	St. Michael's	at Middlebury
	12	U. V. M.	at Middlebury
	15	Springfield	at Springfield
	16	Williams	at Williamstown
	20	Norwich	at Middlebury
	22	U. S. Coast Guard	at Middlebury
	27	U. V. M.	at Burlington

HOCKEY

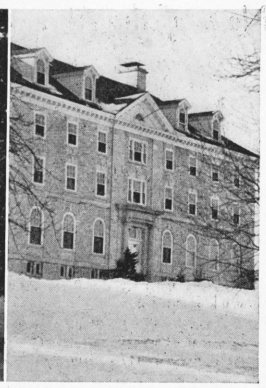
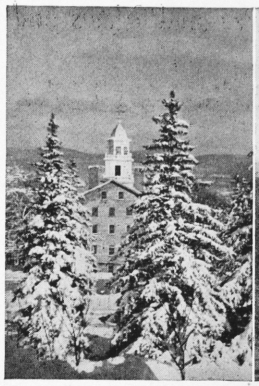
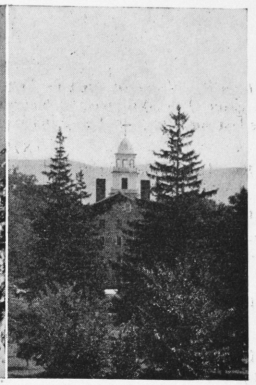
Jan.	5	Open	
	12	Union	at Middlebury
	15	Williams	at Middlebury
	19	Hamilton	at Clinton
Feb.	7	Open	
	9	U. S. Military Academy	at West Point
	13	Dartmouth	at Hanover
	15	Colgate	at Syracuse
	16	Union	at Schenectady
	20	Williams	at Williamstown
	21	Open	

WINTER CARNIVAL

On the strength of last year's snow, the biggest and best winter carnival in Middlebury history is planned for February 15, 16, and 17. Thirteen colleges participated in the events last year. More are expected this season. There is temporarily some catch in the program, for Norwich has scheduled a Green Mountain Conference sports meet for the same weekend, but we understand that both St. Michael's and U. V. M. have agreed to be at Middlebury.

Alumni again will be invited to bring along their skis and try out the Chipman Hill courses—even the new jump, if the runway is completed. There will be both men's and women's winter sports events, hockey games, a skating carnival with more dancers, another day at Lake Dunmore, a king and queen, even a dog team.

Middlebury has proclaimed two holidays for the occasion.

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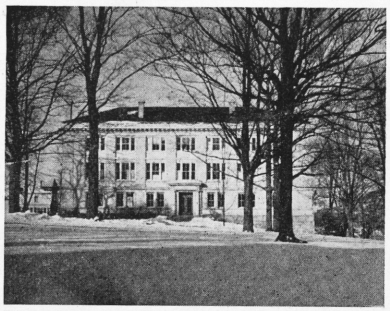
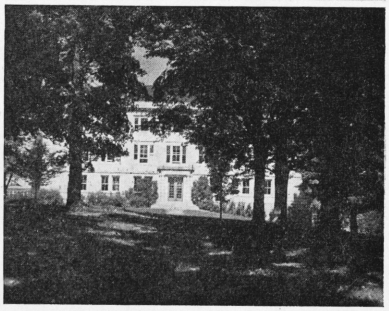
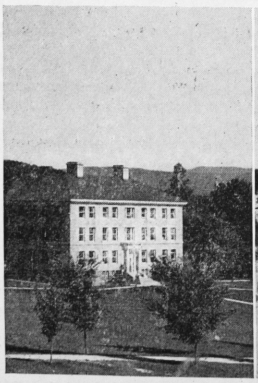
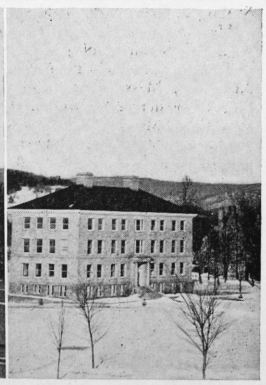
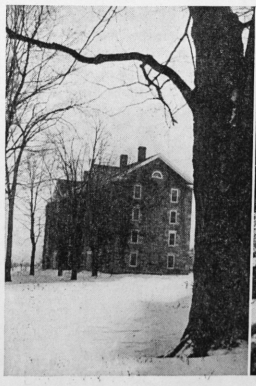
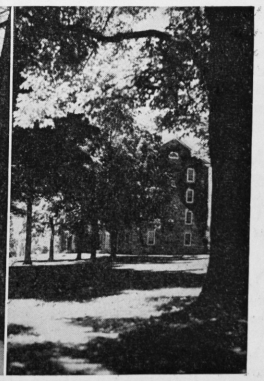




INTO WINTER

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1874

JOHN R. WILLIAMS died on September 7th at the home of his daughter, Eva Williams, in Medford, Mass. Mr. Williams was the last surviving member of his class.

1875

REV. LAWRENCE PHELPS died on May 19th in Freeport, Me.

1883

DR. JAMES B. O'NEILL died October 20th at his home in Portland, Me. He was the father of EDWARD L. O'NEILL, ex-'12, and grandfather of BERNARD O'NEILL, '36.

1886

JESSE A. ELLSWORTH. Address: 916 Oxford St., Berkeley, Calif.

1895

DR. BERTRAM E. MARSHALL died August 30th at his home in New Brighton, Pa.

1899

MRS. JOHN C. WALLACE. Address: 1673 Park Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

1902

DR. GEORGE R. DRAKE died October 15th at his home in Plymouth, Pa.

1904

MRS. MAUDE TUCKER SEVERANCE is doing graduate work at Middlebury while her daughter, Katharine M., is a freshman. They are living at 4 Shannon St., Middlebury.

1905

BERTHA DUNCAN died September 8th in Passaic, N. J. Miss Duncan had been head of the English Department of Passaic High School for sixteen years.

1910

ALICE F. RAYMOND is educational director in a growth study of children at the Harvard School of Public Health.

1911

ALICE HEMENWAY. Address: 111 Garrison Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

EARL H. GALE. Address: 11 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

MARGERY BURDITT, head librarian at the West Hartford Public Library, was elected president of the Connecticut Library Association in September. For the past year she has acted as secretary. Address: 27 North Main St., West Hartford, Conn.

1914

RAYMOND G. FULLER, who has been chief editorial writer of the Troy, N. Y. Record, has returned to New York City where he is again a member of the staff of the National Occupational Conference.

DR. MAX D. MILES, who has been a medical missionary in India has returned to the United States and is practicing medicine in North Scituate, Mass.

1915

MRS. WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON and family left Middlebury November 7th to spend the winter in California, where Mr. Upson is working with the Warner Brothers Film Company, assisting in the filming of his book, *Alexander Botts*. Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Wright joined them after a sojourn in Akron, Ohio. Address: 2232 North New Hampshire Ave., Los Angeles.

1916

JOSEPH W. HOWE. Home Address: 71 Chestnut St., Albany, N. Y. Business: 90 State St., Room 707, Albany.

GLADYS COOK is school nurse at Ausable Forks, N. Y.

CARROLL G. ROSS is studying at the Harvard School of Education this year. Address: 22 Prescott St., Apt. 7, Cambridge, Mass.

1918

LESLIE M. SHEDD has returned to the United States from South America. Address: Mooresville, North Carolina, care of E. C. Johnston.

1919

MR. AND MRS. WALLACE BASCOM are the parents of a daughter, Caroline Elizabeth, born October 11th. Address: 3006 Westwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.

ALICE W. WILSON is head of the History department at Bradford Vt., Academy.

ROLAND C. HOLBROOK is manager of the Toronto Branch of the Liquid Carbonic Canadian Corporation, Ltd.

1920

CLESSON W. PARKER was married to Natalee Case of New Britain, Conn., on October 20th. Address: 13 Vine St., New Britain.

The Hunterdon County Democrat of which D. HOWARD MOREAU is publisher and editor, won first prize for general excellence and the best editorial page among weeklies at the annual Newspaper Institute held by the New Jersey Press Association in New Brunswick in October.

ALBERT C. DANEKIND, who is a mechanical engineer with the General Electric Company in Schenectady, has changed his residence to 2075 Plum St., Schenectady.

1921

MACLEOD L. DOUTHIT. Address: 6522 Irving Avenue, Merchantville, N. J.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of EDWARD LEO MORAN to Winifred C. McIntyre of Brooklyn. Address: 146 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1922

ARNOLD B. SWIFT. Address: 335 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN H. PRESCOTT has completed his first year as city editor of the Reading (Pa.) Eagle. Last June, Mr. Prescott was married to Grace S. Taylor, of Reading. Address: 820 Old Wyomissing Road, Reading, Pa.

CARROLL S. WHITE is Deputy Collector-Internal Revenue Service in New York City. Address: 412 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HOWARD are the parents of a son born November 1st. Address: 17 Bond Street, Claremont, N. H.

1923

HENRY B. WELLS. Address: 54 Holbrook St., North Adams, Mass.

ALLEN D. BLISS was married to Emma F. Vaughan, September 18th at Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Bliss received the Ph.D. degree in Chemistry from Harvard in June, 1934 and is now engaged as publication manager of the Journal of the American Chemical Society. Address: 34 Irving St., Cambridge.

MRS. DONALD O. EISENHART (DOROTHY NEWTON). Address: 169 Brace Road, West Hartford, Conn.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS S. SMITH (REBA V. MAXFIELD) are the parents of a daughter, Allegra Ruth, born April 8th. Address: 82-15 Britton Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

1925

MR. AND MRS. DONALD S. CANN (RUTH MOORE, '29). Address: 414 South 48th St., Apt. 24B, Philadelphia, Pa.

HERBERT RIEGELMAN is a department manager with R. H. Macy & Co., in New York. Address: 21 Park Road, Short Hills, N. J.

MRS. ARTHUR HEADLEY (DOROTHY TILLAPAUGH). Address: 5 Burns St., Madison, N. J.

THOMAS JACOB was married on August 28th to Una Ritchie of Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Jacob is employed by the Rockefeller Foundation in research work at the Norfolk Prison Colony. Address: Wrentham, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. BRITNELL are the parents of a daughter, Barbara Ann, born August 25th.

1926

J. AUDREY CLARK was married on November 24th to Marion Rice of Framingham, Mass.

DANA S. HAWTHORNE is residing at 108 Knapp St., Stamford, Conn., but his mailing address is: Box 59, Stamford.

HELEN A. WOODWORTH was married October 13th to James M. Gwin of Hartford, Conn. Address: 14 Ashworth St., Manchester, Conn.

CHARLOTTE RAYMOND. Address: 12 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass.

ROGER W. SCOTT. Address: 407 Rosemont Ave., South Charleston, W. Va.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

MRS. GRANVILLE LUTEN (VIRGINIA AINES) died in Los Angeles, Calif., on August 25th.

1927

CHARLES O. ADAMS, son of PROFESSOR AND MRS. CHARLES A. ADAMS (BERTHA BRAINERD,) '95 was married to Beatrice C. Allen of Punxsutawney, Pa., on September 8th in Middlebury. The ceremony was performed by President Paul D. Moody. Address: Springfield, Vt.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of CARL J. ELLSWORTH to Dorothea B. Rust, of Newton Highlands, Mass.

MRS. WILLIAM E. HERRLICH, (MARION MORGAN). Address: 445 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

MERVIN W. MCCUTCHEON is home office representative with the Aetna Life Insurance Co., located in Detroit, Mich. Address: 10th Floor, Union Guardian Building. Residence: 644 Calvert St.

HELEN MATTHEWS is research technician at Evans Memorial and a first year student, Boston University School of Medicine. Address: 80 E. Concord St., Boston, Mass.

DR. AND MRS. ORMAN A. TUCKER are the parents of a son, Richard Murray, born August 20th. Address: Orleans, Vt.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD C. SEYMOUR (ADA HALEY, '32) are the parents of a son, Shaun, born October 10th.

RUBY D. ELWELL is General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Pottsville, Pa.

JULIA B. AUSTIN is teaching in the High School, Northfield, Mass.

ELIZABETH HACK spent the summer travelling in Europe. Address: 37 Schenck Ave., Beacon, N. Y.

1928

DONALD L. LINDSLEY was married on August 18th to Dorothy Bell of Derby Line, Vt. Mr. Lindsley is an instructor in the Derby Academy.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE HARRIS, JR., are the parents of a daughter, Barbara Ann, born September 26th. Address: 701 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. ZENAS L. BLISS are the parents of a daughter, Elaine Sylvia, born September 3rd. Address: 16 Beacon St., Walpole, Mass.

DONALD A. RAMSDELL is teaching Mathematics in the Beaver Country Day School, as well as "experimenting in Psychology" at Harvard for a Ph.D. Address: 96 Foster St., Cambridge, Mass.

WILLIAM K. DONALD. Address: 214-23 46th Ave., Bayside, N. Y.

DR. JOHN M. THOMAS, JR., was married on September 15th to Rosamond N. Hunter of Burlington, Vt. The ceremony was performed by his father, DR. JOHN M. THOMAS, '90 at the Mendon Mountain Orchards, Mendon, Vt. Dr. Thomas completed his interneship at the Mary Fletcher Hospital and during the summer months was house physician at Hulett's on Lake George, N. Y.

1929

W. EARL DAVIS. Address: 1466 Nott Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

ALBERT E. WILLIS was married on September 29th to Helen E. Patch of Stoneham, Mass. Address: "Birchwood," Stony Brook Road, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

PAUL C. REED was married October 22nd to Elizabeth R. Clubb of Rochester, N. Y. Address: 116 Crossman Terrace, Rochester.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of SYLVIA WESTIN to William A. D. Wurts, of Hartford, Conn.

MR. AND MRS. WILSON E. WILMARTH (EMILY WHITE) have a son, Wilson E. III, born May 18th. Mr. Wilmarth is teaching at the University of Minnesota. Address: 509 Sixth St., So., E., Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. ROBERT G. KLEMM (ELIZABETH MCDERMOTT). Address: 112 Buckingham Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Klemm is employed as Commercial Service Observer for the N. Y. Telephone Company.

DR. AND MRS. WENDELL F. SMITH (MARJORIE CROSS) are the parents of a daughter, Shirley Fay, born last May. Address: 17 Hugh St., West Hartford, Conn.

RICHARD GOULD is Second Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare in Eastview, N. Y.

MARGARET L. BOYDEN was married on June 9th to Morris Rasumny. Address: 312 West 102nd St., New York City.

THEODORE C. KRAMER is a research assistant in Anatomy at the Yale University School of Medicine. Address: Dept. of Anatomy, 333 Cedar St., New Haven, Conn.

CHESTER H. SLOAT is an instructor in English at the Western State Normal School, Gorham, Maine. Address: P. O. Box 427.

RUTH L. HOWARD was married September 14th to Lewis W. Sayers, Jr., of Walpole, Mass. Address: 777 East St., Walpole.

ENID TILLAPAUGH is with the Marine Offices of America, 116 John St., New York City. Residence: 283 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRADLEY W. ENO. Address: 1111 Boylston St., Suite 32, Boston, Mass.

1930

W. RAYMOND WELLS was married on September 15th to Dorothy Winkler in Schenectady, N. Y. Address: 3534 94th St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

RUTH E. MALTBY was married to Lloyd W. Young, on September 3rd in Stoughton, Mass. Address: Wolfeboro, N. H.

WALTER S. KEEN is teaching mathematics in the Lowville, N. Y., Academy. Address: 188 Park Avenue.

JANETTE B. LEWIS. Address: The Lancaster, Apt. C-2, 24 Hopkins St., Hartford, Conn.

EDWARD CLARK is Bursar of Dana College and New Jersey Law School. Address: 40 Rector St., Newark, N. J.

MR. AND MRS. GILMAN LOWERY (NORMA HOWARD) are the parents of a daughter, Norma Ann, born October 11th. Address: 55 Gorman Road, Framingham, Mass.

NATALIE HALL, HELEN WALCOTT, AND DOROTHEA MOORE, attended summer school at Columbia University.

DOROTHY HIGGINS is secretary to the head of the Business School of Columbia University.

BLANCHE EMORY is engaged in Occupational Therapy in Fergus Falls, Minn.

1931

VIRGINIA COLE is an assistant in the Manual Training Department at Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

MRS. KENNETH C. PARKER (LINNEA WALD) is a dietitian at Friend's Academy, and Mr. Parker is head of the French Department. Address: Friend's Academy, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

SIKRI M. AHO. Address: 106 Sears St., Ithaca, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL MONTGOMERY (PRUDENCE INGHAM). Address: 65 South St., Stamford, Conn. Mr. Montgomery is in discount banking in New York City.

HARRIET W. ELIOT is continuing her graduate work at Western Reserve University as well as working for the County Relief Administration. Address: 1677 E. 117 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MIRIAM HASSELTINE, who was employed as a Commercial Representative of the N. Y. Telephone Co., in Syracuse, took a two month's training course in Albany this fall and is again located in Syracuse.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH S. THOMAS (CAROLINE BALMER) are in Middlebury this year, while Mr. Thomas is instructor in Chemistry during the leave of absence of Professor Haller. Address: 6 Hillcrest Road.

DONALD D. EASTMAN is in the advertising department of the American Agriculturist. Address: 805 Mitchell St., Ithaca, N. Y.

J. CALVIN AFFLECK was married September 29th to Vivian Boynton in Bayside, L. I. Address: London Terrace, 450 West 24 St., Apt. 1C, New York City.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of RUTH ATWOOD of Worcester Mass., to W. SEYMOUR B. TATE of Boston. Mr. Tate is associated with the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston.

HELEN LEGATE AND ELIZABETH BULL attended summer school at Columbia University.

The engagement of FREDERICK C. DIRKS to Doris A. Chase of Brockton, Mass., has been announced. Mr. Dirks is an Ellis Fellow in Economics at Columbia University.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD S. KING (RUTH MCNULTY) are the parents of a daughter, Julie Ann, born in August.

MARY P. EVANS resigned her position at the Waterbury, Vt., High School in October and has gone to Fall River, Mass., where she is teaching in the High School.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1932

MR. AND MRS. BURDITT COLLINS (ANNA COLEMAN) are the parents of a daughter, Diana, born October 24th.

RICHARD T. MCDERMOTT is an assistant in the Occupational Therapy Laboratory of the Pilgrim State Hospital at Brentwood, Long Island.

CLARENCE LILLY, who is with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, has been transferred to their Portland, Maine office, located at 120 Exchange Street.

ALICE CADY. Address: 1337 No. University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

ESTHER ELIZABETH BROWN AND EDWARD W. HEARNE, JR., ex-'34, were married September 15th in Enosburg Falls, Vt. Mr. Hearne is assistant manager of the Y. M. C. A. Hotel, located at 826 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Residence: 5417 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

THOMAS D. MINER is head of the Science department in the Garden City Junior High School. Address: Y. M. C. A., Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, L. I.

JEANETTE F. BURGESS is studying this year in Boston with Madame Ruth Morize. Address: 219 Buckminster Road, Brookline, Mass.

THOMAS J. DUFFIELD is teaching English and coaching debating in the Bound Brook, N. J., High School.

PHILIP CARPENTER recently received his M. S. degree from Brown University and is assisting in Comparative Anatomy, while working toward a Ph.D., at Brown.

D. CLEONE FORD is teaching in North Brookfield, Mass.

NINA BARBER is teaching French in the Richford, Vt., High School.

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GEORGE E. YEOMANS is doing research work in the Paper Service Division of the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N. Y. Residence: 55 Ridgeway Ave.

JANET STAINTON was married on September 22nd to Milton T. June of Brandon, Vt., where they are residing.

FERDINAND J. MANN and CAROL G. LEE, ex-'35, were married September 22nd in Burlington, Vt. Mr. Mann is a member of the editorial staff of the Burlington Daily News. Address: 110 Church St., Burlington.

FAITH KELLOGG, since last July, has been one of the junior assistants in the Psychology department of the Danvers (Mass.) State Hospital. Address: Box 50, Hathorne, Mass.

CHESTER H. CLEMENS is employed in the Investment Management Department of Mackubin, Legg & Company, of Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C. Address: 600 Cathedral St., Baltimore.

ELAINE UPDYKE is assisting in the Biology department at Middlebury and has charge of a women's dormitory, The Robinson House on Weybridge Street.

ELIZABETH HAMLIN is teaching in Petersham, Mass.

FENWICK N. BUFFUM is with the new Federal Housing Administration in Washington, D. C. Address: 1745 F Street, N. W., Washington.

MARGARET M. SCOTT is employed as a visitor with the Luzerne County Emergency Relief Board, located in Kingston, Pa. Address: 1280 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort, Pa.

DENISON F. GROVES is a member of the senior class at Northwestern University Law School. Address: 415 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

HARRIETT B. DOUGLAS is teaching French in the High School, Waterbury, Vt.

ANSON V. RANSOM is employed in one of the Childs' Restaurants in New York City. Residence: 7 West 101st St., New York City.

HAROLD HATHAWAY is employed as clerk in the Town Clerk's office in Willsboro, N. Y.

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CHARLES N. DUBOIS travelled extensively in England before taking up his studies at Kings College in October. Address: 17 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

NORMAN F. MEGATHLIN is a claims adjuster with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, located in Pittsburgh, Pa. Address: 3077 Texas Ave., Dormont, Pa.

HELENE G. M. BERNARD is a laboratory technician at the Evans Memorial in Boston. Address: 11 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

RAYMOND B. MERCIER is teaching in Danville, Vt.

DOROTHY MCK. WILSON is doing secretarial work in Philadelphia. Address: Box 188, Narberth, Pa.

LOUIS M. BAUMGARTNER. Address: 760 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

DOROTHY SMITH is employed at the Massachusetts Protective Life Insurance Company in Worcester, Mass. Address: 409 Burncoat St.

DONALD K. CHRISTIAN is attending the Philadelphia School of Osteopathy. Address: 247 Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia.

DOROTHY MAJOR is a nurse at Fairmount Farm, 6725 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FLOYD TAYLOR. Address: 713 Grant Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DOROTHY M. WUNNER spent a few weeks travelling in England before beginning her work at University College. Address: College Hall, Malet St., London, W. C. 1, England.

NELDA FILIPPONE is doing graduate work in the Romance Languages at Yale University. Address: Business and Professional Women's Club, 33 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.

EDWARD A. BUGBEE is at Lowell Textile Institute. Home Address: 66 Hancock St., Stoneham, Mass.

FRANCIS B. SPRAGUE is with the General Chemical Company in the Edgewater, N. J., plant. Address: 263 DeSoto Place, Fairview, N. J.

CLARA WHITE is teaching in the North Bennington, Vt., High School.

CARL M. LORENZ is a district agent for the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vt., in New Jersey, under ALVIN R. METCALF, ex-'16, who is General Agent in Newark. Address: 493 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

DOUGLAS JOCELYN is attending the Law School at the University of Chicago. Address: Chi Psi Lodge, University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ABRAHAM MANELL drove William Hazlett Upson's car to California early in November. Mr. Manell will enter the University of California for the second semester of graduate work.

MERIEL WILLARD is attending the New York University School of Retailing, having been awarded a store scholarship.

ALLEN FLAGG. Address: 529 No. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

VINCENT F. SARGENT is doing graduate work at Middlebury and assisting in the Music department.

ANDREW W. REID is a student at Tufts Dental School. Address: 87 Fenwood Road, Boston, Mass.

ELIZABETH SECKERSON was married August 15th to William S. Newton.

JAMES B. FISH is attending the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University. Address: Gallatin Hall, B-11, Soldiers Field, Boston.

NATT DIVOLL is with the Guarantee Trust Company, 140 Wall St., New York City. Address: Y. M. C. A., 55 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES S. TYLER is with the R. H. Macy Co., New York City. Address: 356 West 34th St., New York City.

CURTISS B. HICKCOX and FREDERICK DEBOLD are attending the Tufts Medical School. Address: 115 Gainsborough St., Boston, Mass.

THOMAS R. NOONAN is studying at the University of Buffalo Medical School.

RUSSELL ROOT is teaching in the Masten Park High School in Buffalo, N. Y.

ALEXANDER WOUTERS, JR. is a messenger in Bankers Trust Co., 14 Wall St., New York City. Residence: 154-160 East 91st St., N. Y. City.

WILLIAM PATTERSON is a senior in the University of Arizona. Address: 621 North Park Ave., Tucson, Arizona.

LOIS SHELDON AND WALTER H. FREEMAN, JR., ex-'35 were married on August 25th in Bristol, Vt. They are residing in South Lincoln, Vt., where Mr. Freeman is teaching.

HARTFORD ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

A Middlebury Alumnae Luncheon and Bridge was held October 20th at the Broad Street Y. W. C. A., in Hartford, Conn. MRS. GERTRUDE PARSONS CREHAN, '28, and SYLVIA WESTIN, '29 were in charge.